ADVENTURE . PLOT

Short Stories of the Day

MYSTERY & ROMANCE

SAWED UP BIG BEAR.

Invaded a Sawmill and Was ced to Chops and Steaks.

about bear experiences. old trapper the other day, "I many years ago that was a and it shows that old bruin has head on him after all. It was of the gory, bea: -eating sort of es, but a story that would account of this peculiar practice. ople doubt the truth of it, but reduce enough reliable witnesses antiate the tale, so I am not er over that part.

pened up in the northern part state, and at the time bears were ick, too thick for convenience. I the time engaged in lumbering ns, and was in charge of a sawat my father owned. It was one old-fashioned kind of mills, the at you used to see when knockind in the woods. Bears had in the word much by getting in and eating up the provi-lally the pork. We did not especially the pork. We did not any traps at hand, so we could ake any headway toward exter-

day the adventure took place am going to tell you about I had rorking all night for the past few wing logs, and had got my sleep anticular day I was pretty well out, and I don't think that anyscept a cannon shot could have ped me, but this bruin that hap-along awoke me up all right, and time I was pretty well scared.
ad lain down for my little snooze

t was not long before I com-d to fly around in gold chariots as having a pretty rosy time of it freams, when I felt something at my face and proving other-estreperous. I managed to bring res to a focus, and was nearly ened to death to discover a goodbear engaged in making a very westigation of my anatomy Well, tell you I did some pretty tall ng, and as you know, it is said a bear will not touch a body that inks is dead. I was engaged for all of the next two or three minhelding my breath and doing to make me appear lifeless.

tiy soon the bear gave me up as tal and commenced to prowl the mill. He put in a very critiamination of everything that he possibly reach, and he hadn't prowling around long before he deer meat hanging up. It didn't take him long to pull the down and commence to make inroads into the meat. After he sen eating some time he discov-he lons standing on the carriage, idently thinking that they would him a comfortable seat for the er of his meal, took a good n the logs, with his back to the

th the bear, which I was not slow sping. The logs where he was were quite a ways from me, so I had plenty of chance to get at rer that set the machinery in moworked the saw and movable Well, I got to the lever and my presence.

carriage commenced to move toward the saw, and you ought seen the expression on that face. It would have put the facarriage in a few seconds and sheed to renew his meal. carriage was moving toward the

pretty good shape by this time, it a few minutes before it an hearing distance of bruin s unconscious of his approaching but about the time that he comed to realize that something out of colors was doing the saw struck ps, and, as it was a very ful and large saw, in the twink-dan eye that bear was cut up in-se of the finest bear chop that you

didn't take me long to realize a trick I had done, and I comd to pick up the ment. and we had bear meat next two or three weeks. That most exciting bear experience I ever got into, and although I get hurt at all, I don't want the eated."-Banbor (Me.) Commer-

Nature's Doctors.

in the Adirondack native beafflicted with any of the numerd" said which make mankind said the returned visitor, es not waste much time on docbut goes straight to the woods or for nature's own remedies. is one old man whom I have met ckbasket on shoulder and shears ough board stool in his mitened soing after yarrow, which, dried andby for coughs when it has made into a wicked-looking brew. lsam, coaxed, drop by drop, from stars which swell on the balsam fall moon, is a sovereign remedy

ssi and lung complaints. trailing arbutus, is excellent for laint which gives it its name, der root has a destrable effect kidneys and neighboring organs. tea, containing a little summer , is efficacious for worms in chil-fer which beimonia, also steeped. Sunflower seeds, steeped, ed and sweetened with molasses, and sweetened with the whooping cough. Horse-gre the whooping cough. Horse-laves witted and bound on the tand back of the neck will drive the same of the neck will drive sturaigfa, and a nutmeg, bored and around the neck, will keep it.

The nutmeg must be renewed once every six weeks.

State of the neck will drive the neck will keep it.

The nutmeg must be renewed once every six weeks.

dved and with one part slightoped out and with one part signa-oped out and the cup placed over bancle or a boil will speedily re-the pus, and has saved life. The are many more of these sim-media in the North Woods phar-locks which the wise ones have at

which the wise ones have at ers' ends, and if they are not dely used and money kept in alls of the thrifty native it is he a lenient and more fortunate hesides over the incomes of the dack medicos,"—New York HerPROFESSIONAL EATERS.

Queer Custom Among Indians Who Pay Men to Eat Big Meals.

One of the most striking customs of the past that are preserved by the Indians of today is found among the tribes on the Devil's Lake reservation in North Dakota, Supervisor Wright of the Indian service gives the following "From time immemorial the Devil's

Lake Sioux have adhered to an old custom in regard to the treatment of a guest. According to their etiquette it is the bounden duty of the host to supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and as a rule the apportionment set before the visiting Indian is much in excess of the capacity of a single man. But by the same custom, the guest is obliged to eat all that is placed before him, else he grossly insults his entertainer. It was found that this practice would work a hardship, but in-stead of dispensing with the custom, the Indian method of reasoning was applied, and what is known as the pro-fessional eater was brought to the front. While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devouring the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal is finished. It is not always practicable to depend upon a neighbor at table to assist in getting away with a large dinner, and in order to insure the final consumption of the allotted portion, visiting In-dians call upon these professional eaters, whose duty it is to sit beside them through a meal, and cat what the guest leaves. The professional eaters are never looked upon in the light of guests, but more as traveling companions with a particular duty to perform. These eaters receive from \$1 to \$2, and even \$3, for each meal where they assist. It is stated by the agent at the Devil's Lake reservation that one of the pro-fessional eaters has been known to dispose of seventeen pounds of beef at a sitting. That they are capable of eating an almost fabulous amount I myself can testify."-Hygienic Gazette.

BABY MOOSE GRATEFUL.

Mired in a Swamp, It Licked Rescuers Hand When Pulled Out.

Not one hunter in a hundred ever gets a chance to see a tragedy of the wilderness. Not one in ten thousand ever has the opportunity to earn the gratitude of one of its denizens. Arthur L. Gillam has had both, and photographs that he has brought home show just what has been his fortune to see and to do.

With R. M. Grant Mr. Gillam recently went to Maine on a hunting trip. The two gentlemen are familiar with every lake, bog, mountain and stream in the great wilderness between Allegash and the Upper Munsungan. They knew the haunts of the big game there and their rifles brought down their share of the spoils of the chase. But one morning Mr. Gallam came across a moose—a baby moose—which could not escape his rifle had it been able. It was mired knee deep in the mud on the border of the lit-tle stream which connects Clear lake with the Fifth Musquedock. It was plain to see that the little fellow had taken refuge there to escape one of its enemies -perhaps a bear or a lucivee, as the natives call the Canada lynx.

dr. Gillam had his camera with him. He got as close as he could without miring himself, and before the little fellow grew frightened he was able to get a fine photograph of the baby as he stood

in the mire, helpless and forlorn.
When he got back to camp Mr. Gillam told Mr. Grant, and two days later the two hunters sought the spot to see if the little moose was still there. He was, and apparently in more dis-

ess than ever.
The poor little fellow ought to be got out," said Mr. Gillam, "just for his pluck."

So they chopped down trees and brush and soon built a firm foundation around the tiny moose and another for them-selves. Then with ropes and much pullselves. ing and hauling they finally got him on solid ground. The little moose was all gratitude. He licked the hands of his preservers and showed absolutely no fear at their presence, though moose are among the most timid animals that in-

habit the wilds. But the long exposure and his many struggles, together with the lack of food, proved too much for even this little sturdy son of the forest. Soon his limbs gave way and he sank to the ground, played out. The hunters worked over the little fellow, but their efforts were useless. He died, licking their in his mute thankfulness for what they had done for him.

I. McGowan and C. H. Welch, both of whom are old soldiers and have smelled powder, had an exciting experience while hunting bear back of Eyle a few days ago. They are experienced hunt-ers and expected to bag some big game, and went well armed. There was con-siderable snow, and while looking around for bear signs (they disdained to looking fortune? pay any attention to small game) they came to a place where a monster had made his nest in the ground. indications were that the bear was in the hole way back and the valiant hunters were a little shaky, but Mr. Mc-Gowan gathered up a large quantity of pitch pine with which to smoke the bear out of his hole, the intention be-ing to shoot him when he made a rush Mr. McGowan piled on the pitch wood. and soon had enough smoke in the hole to compel a bear to come out, but he

did not come. Welch stood with his gun ready to and laid over the affected part, buyed and summation. A red a snicker in the brush back of them if somebody was laughing at them They turned around and both caught a glimpse of a monster bear standing on his hind feet, apparently laughing at the efforts of the two hunters to smoke him out, and he seemed tickled half to

death over the comical situation.

About what happened next both Mr.

McGowan and Mr. Welch are reticent. All that is known is that they did not get the bear and both reached their camp about the same time, somewhat out of breath, as they had been sprint-ing.—Portland Oregonian. "HER LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL"

There was a bright red spot on each of Theodosia Allen's soft, smooth cheeks and she caught her crimson under lip between two rows of beautiful white teeth. She hesitated. The door in front of her was closed. She had approached it with the firm intention of knocking yet, with her hand raised, her courage

Miss Allen's mother was a widow who had been left with a fine, large house on her hands, but with hardly enough of an income to keep it up in proper style. That, was why she had rented two of her best front rooms upstairs to Maxfield Prentice, a bachelor whose hair was beginning to show a grayish tinge here and there, and who, after trying again and again and hoping on through many discouraging years, had succeeded in getting the public to accept his novels with something that closely bordered upon enthusiasm." "Her Leap-Year Proposal," his latest

story, promised to be "one of the six best-selling books," and he found him-self in what for an author may be considered "affluent circumstances."

The door at which Theodosia stood opened into Prentice's comfortably furnished workroom, in the middle of which was his long writing table. Well-stocked book cases and three or four easy chairs gave it a comfortable appearance. A heavy curtain divided it from his bedroom. "Come in," he said, supposing, when

he heard the soft little knock upon his door, that it was the housemaid bring-ing up his letters. When Miss Allen entered he hurried-

ly laid his cigar aside and stood up.
"I beg your pardon," she said, "for not opening the door. If I had known it was you I would have been more re-spectful in extending my invitation to enter. I'm afraid it's rather smoky in here. You see I have a foolish idea that I can't write unless I smoke. May I open the window a moment?"
"Oh, no," she protested. "I like the scent of tobacco smoke, and I can eas-

ily imagine how a cigar must help in writing. I wonder if that's why men generally write so much better than "That's a new idea-if it is true that

men do generally write better than wo-men. Very few of the women are will-ing to admit that such is the case. Won't you sit down?" They sat with the long table between them, and somehow the sunlight fell

upon the young lady in such a way as to make Prentice wonder why he had never noticed before how pretty she "Won't you please go on smoking?" she said, noticing the blue spiral that

ascended from the trey in which his cigar lay.
"No. I'll save my cigar until I get ready to go on with my writing, if you don't mind, I'm just starting a new

story, and I always have to smoke a

good deal until I get things to going. "That reminds me of what I came t ask you. I finished reading 'Her Leap-Year Proposal' an hour ago, and I want-ed to see if you would write something in the book for me. You see, I'm going to send it to a girl who was a very dear friend of mine in college and I, but maybe you don't like to do such things. I suppose so many people want you to that it's a nulsance, so if—"
"I shall not consider it a nulsance to

do. this for you, Miss Allen. Here, I have a new copy that I'll give you for your friend."

She rested an elbow upon the table, and looked across at him while wrote. He was not a big man, but he was well made and looked strong. The-odosia forgot that she was critically studying the fine shape of his head and features until he suddenly looked up and caught her at it.

"I'm rather surprised," he said, "that you like this story. I find that few wo-men think much of it. It's from the men that I get most of the praise for

'How do you know I like it?" she "You would hardly care to send it to your friend if you didn't. What do you

think of having a girl take advantage off her leap-year privilege as I have my heroine do? 'It's a daring idea, but it seems to me

that you have worked it out in an ex-cellent way. There is nothing at all immodest in her proposal."
"No. Still, I can see now where I

might have made the girl a much stronger character than she is. Instead of having her go to him when he was overtaken by misfortune and propose to become his wife and the sharer of his sorrows there would have been a bet-ter chance for ingenious situations if I had made things turn the other way. How do you mean?"

"Suppose that he had been fortunate instead of unfortunate. Think how much greater her courage would have had to be to go and tell him she loved him then. In that case, however, I suppose the critics would have said I had created an impossible character. What is your idea? Do you think the story is betier as it is than it would have been the other way?"

"I don't believe it would really require much courage for a girl to go when the man she loved had met with a great misfortune and tell him she wished to be his wife."
"But if he had met with great good

"I hardly think any girl could make herself tell a man under such circum-stances that she wished to be-married

So you see I would, if I had written the story as it should have been written, have been told that such a thing never could happen in real life." "Do you think it could?"

"Yes; I know it could. Why is it any more unwomanly for a girl to tell her love with her lips than with her eyes?" "But why should she have to tell her ove with her lips-if the man cared for

"Well, perhaps," he replied-it had ome to pass in some way that they ere both on one side of the table and that he was leaning over the back of her chair with his face close to hers "it might be just for the sake of prov-ing that such a thing could happen." She was looking at the flyleaf of the look in which he had been writing. But or some reason she failed to realize what she was gazing at. Her mind and her eyes were not working in harmony. "Wouldn't it be foolish," she asked, "for a man to want a girl to propose to

would never ask another to be his wife vere to find himself deeply in love?
"I never thought of that."

"If I were to sit down to study on the matter I think I could find a dozen rea-sons why a girl might be justified in asking a man to be her hueband. Just now I have thought of another."
"What is it?"

"Suppose a man somewhere around suppose a man somewhere around do loved a girl of 23 or 24 and she was beautiful—so beautiful that she could afford to be very independent. He might feel, although he had reason to believe she admired him for his success or his genius, that he would be daring too much to ask her to be his wife. He might fear that what he hoped was love on her part would turn

out, if he asked her, to be nothing more than admiration." She turned her head at an angle so that she could look up into his eyes. He bent a little nearer to her, and she raised her arms until she could take his face between her hands. Drawing him close to her, she closed her eyes and

whispered: "May I be your proof that it could happen?"-S. E. Kiser in Chicago Rec--S. E. Kiser in Chicago Rec-

FARM WORK BY "SIGNS."

ord-Herald.

Quaint Customs in Favor in Seneca Township, New York.

The farmers of the township of Fayette, adjoining Waterloo, are largely of a Pennsylvania Dutch origin. They are a hardy and thrifty race, and for general intelligence compare favorably with their neighbors of Anglo-Saxon They are, however, full of the quaint superstitions and rural folk-lore of their forefathers, and many interesting anecdotes are told by Fayette people illustrating the length to which the good Dutch yeomanry go in their devotion to the "signs" in the conduct of their farms and the routine of their lives, says the Rochester Post-Express.

In all earthly matters the almanac seems to be their Bible, and the moon and the constellations are as really venerated, though in a different way, as they were by their yellow-haired an-cestors along the shores of the North Not only in the tilling of their land, but in all the minute concerns of their daily lives, the "signs" must be right before anything is done, or-"woe

done in the increase of the moon, or, by the same token, it will fade away with incredible rapidity before the daily demands of the family, who will yet de-rive a miraculously scanty nutriment therefrom; whereas, if, in obedience to the sage counsel of the elders of the house, it be done as the moon waxes, it will be like the widow's measure of meal and cruse of oil.

If fence posts are to be set, spade must not be put to the ground till the nosition of the sun in the rodius he de-

position of the sun in the zodiac be de-termined from the book of fate, the al-manac. Otherwise, it is only a matter of time when, not the frost below, but the stars above, will heave them from their places. The swine must not be slaughtered with disregard for the steldivinities, or the pork will dwindle in the barrel as If an army corps were feeding thereon.

In the sowing, tilling and harvesting of their crops, of course, the same fidelity to the old-folk notions of their fathers is shown; but in this they are not peculiar, for here their ideas are shared by the unscientific of every class and race. In a Waterloo business place recently, where these signs were under animated discussion for an hour, only one man raised the voice of scepticism against these fancies, and all but two of those present expressed positive faith in one or more of the signs of Fayette Dutch folklore.

A CERTAIN METHOD.

"Say, I want your advice." said the man to the woman old enough to be his mother. "You know I'm thinking of asking a certain young woman to marr me-maybe you didn't know it, but I am. Although I think a great deal of her, in some ways I don't know her at She's always nice and sweet to m out sometimes I've felt that she put on er company manners when I'm around. Now do you suppose if I talked with her mother I could find out more about her real disposition?"
"No, sir," said the woman. "If you

want to know the true nature of your divinity just consult the butcher or the grocer who takes and delivers orders at her house. I don't mean the head of the firm, but the poor clerk who does the order work. Somehow women get into the habit of thinking that the man who appears at the back door every morn-ing is one of the family, and they dress and act accordingly. The girl who ap-pears in the parlor in a natty waist and en and appear to the butcher's boy in a spotted kimona and a skirt that hangs every which way. She'll scold her moth-er or sister before him, she'll talk over private affairs before him—yes, she may even talk over her love affairs—and she'll call him down for not bringing what was ordered in a manner which

you would not consider ladylike "I don't mean to say that your par-ticular girl would do all those things, but that these are the things which wo men allow themselves to do when the order man is in the kitchen. I know one woman who always met the vegetable man with her hair streaming down her back. He used to come just as she was dressing, and she never stopped to arrange her hair before she saw him. Another woman acquaintance of mine thinks nothing of tripping down to give her meat order before she puts on her dress skirt. To be sure, she wraps herself in a short kimona and her petti-coats are always things of beauty, but she is not just the sort of woman I

would want to marry. "Another thing. These fellows who come into the kitchen every morning are very observant, and they can give you some idea of the disposition of the women they see daily. They will tell you that one woman is too familiar with her cook and that another is too un reasonable with the second girl. They will point out that a woman is far from neat, because she is not careful about her utensils when she cooks. They know when the young woman of the family comes dawdling into breakfast late every morning and they promptly her eyes were not working in harmony.
"Wouldn't it be foolish." she asked,
"for a man to want a girl to propose to
him if he—cared for her?"
"It might be under ordinary circumstances. What if a man who had gromised a girl as she lay dying that he
ised a girl as she lay dying that he

ly, or whether she is slouchy, whining and fussy.

"So be advised by me, and if you want to know just what sort of a girl want to know just what sort of a girl your sweetheart is get acquainted with the grocer's or butcher's clerk who takes orders at her house."—New York Times.

CHIDREN EXILED TO SIBERIA.

Leo Deutsch's stories about Siberian barbarities which have been exciting all Europe have in them all the horrors which we in America are taught to believe belong to the Russian penal system.

But they tell also many curious tales. Here is one citing the kind of offense for which mere boys and girls are sent to Siberia:

"In the district of Poltava the chief town is a small place called Romny. and in this little town there is a girls' school. Two or three of the scholars hit upon the idea of lending one another books, and making notes on themnot books that were in any way forbidden, but that were accessible to all. Soon a few young men joined them, and thus a small reading society was formed, such as might help to pass away the long winter evenings in the dull little provincial town.

"As these young people had no idea that they were committing any offense they naturally never dreamt of keeping their proceedings secret. One night the gen-d'armerie-most of them, by the way, fabulously ignorant men-paid demiciliary visits to the dwellings the young ladies of the school. C tainly nothing suspicious was found, but the frightened girls confessed that they had held meetings and that they read books in a society.

'The girls and their friends were ar-The girls and their friends were ar-rested and imprisoned, a report was sent to St. Petersburg about the dis-covery of a secret society, in which such and such persons had taken a part and discussed social questions together; the officer was of opinion that these evildoers should be sent to Siberia, and he thing was done.

"There were at that time in Kakutsk some young men and girls who were to be deported still further northward by administrative methods, i. e., with-out trial. Among these young people, who, of course, belonged to the student class, there were boys and girls under age, to whose charge even Russian law could lay no crame.
"The Vice-Governor, Ostashkin, who was then in command, had given or-

ders that these exiles should be conveyed to their appointed destination in a manner that would have rendered the hardships of the journey quite unnec-essarily severe, and when the young people learned this they made representations to the authorities, pointing out the danger that threatened them of perishing by cold and hunger on the

"They were told to come together to alk matters over, and they accordingly assembled in a dwelling-house to the arrival of the chief of police; in-stead of whom, however, came an order to betake themselves at once to the police office. They now felt convinced that they were to be deported at once. without time for protest, and they re-fused to obey; whereupon there ar-rived immediately a troop of soldlers,

commanded by an officer.

"The soldiers clubbed the exiles with
the butts of their rifles, stabbed at them with bayonets and fired on the defense-less assembly. Six corpses were left on the spot and many were severely wounded. The wounded and injured numbering twenty-seven-were brust into prison, and the court-martial opened, wherein three persons were condemned to death and executed in Yakutsk and nineteen were sentenced to penal servitude for life."

BOTH SHOWED THEIR GRIT.

Russian Officers Were Well Matched in Point of Bravery.

It is doubtful if the soldiers of any nation are braver than those of the Czar of Russia. It is related of Field Marshal Paskievitch that in the course of the siege of Varsovie, being somewhat discommoded by a hot fire from certain battery, he ordered helled, but to no purpose. His troops did not seem able to locate the enem and their shot had no effect. Finally the field marshal himself galloped for ward and sternly commanded

"What imbecile is in command "I am," answered an officer who ap-

"Well, Captain, I shall degrade you, Your shells have no effect."
"True, sir, but it is not my fault. The shells do not ignite."

"Tell that to others. Don't come trying to fool me with such chaff. You will receive your punishment this even-The Captain coolly took a shell from a

pile near by, lit the fuse; and holding it in the palms of his hands, presented it to the Marshal, saying: "See for yourself, sir." The Marshal, folding his arms across

his breast, stood looking at the smoking shell. It was a solemn moment. Both men stood motionless, awaiting the re sult. Finally the fuse burned out, and the Captain threw the shell to the "It's true," remarked the Marshal,

turning away to consider other ures to silence the enemy's fire. In the evening, instead of punishment, the Captain received the cross of the Order of St. Wiadimir.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Famous Conductor.

A Famous Conductor.

One of the Jersey Central's favorite conductors is "Bob" Prail a man not easily "guyed" or "strung. The other day Herr Mottl was a passenger to Lakewood, and a commuter, pointing him out to Prail, remarked: "Bob, there's the most famous conductor of all Europe." "He don't look it." said Bob. "What line is he connected with?" "He's been with the Wagner system ever since he was a boy." Bob thought a moment. "Wagner." Did the Wagner system ever since he was a boy." I didn't know it. Anyhow, it was absorbed by the Pullman company in 1899. Is he working with the Pullman people now: "Not at all, He is representing Wagner in New York. People are going wild over him." "Wild over a common conductor? I wish somebody would go wild over me." And Bob went on punching tickets.—New York Press.

STOPS HIS HEART BEATS.

Grave Mahatma From the East Calls It a Child's Trick.

In the presence of a Dally Mall representative and two other witnesses. the Agamya Guru Paramhamsa stopped his heart for five seconds. It was in his bedroom in a Maidavale boarding-house on Thursday evening that the chief of the Hindoo Mahatmas gave this wonderful demonstration of the power of his will.

The Mahatma has learned a good deal about England since he was interviewed on behalf of the Daily News two months ago. He has argued with the professors of Oxford and Birmingham, and has crossed the channel to Ireland, where he was the guest of the Duke of Manchester at Tanderagee castle. His impressions of England are interesting, but they are nothing com-pared with the miracles of which he

is a supreme master.
"Place your hand over my pulseso," he said, his uncanny impressiveness being heightened by his yello turban and loose-fitting blue sur-gown, which offered a strange contras to the conventional studies of cat ar dog life with which the apartment corated. In the corner a faithful ditiple cooked native pancakes.

"No one believes me until he has se for himself," the Hindoo added, look ing immeasurably superior to the peo-ple who scoff at what they consider the pretensions of an uneducated black. "Feel carefully and wait."
"Can you feel it now?" No change was noticeable. One, two, three, four—the pulse was beating regularly.

Suddenly a strange light shone in the Mahatma's eye. He was conquering the action of his body by the sheer power of his will. The pulse seemed weaker and more slow.

Then it stopped. There was no tapping, no motion. It was as though one was clutching the arm of a newly-dead man. The Mahatma's eyes were half-closed and intense as he sat me-

half-closed and intense as he sat mo-tionless but upright in his chair.

One, two, three, four, five-one went on counting involuntarily, though there was nothing to count. Then the

Mahatma's rigidness became life again, and he smiled.
"You believe, don't you?" he asked
in a voice the carelessness of which

in a voice the carelessness of which implied that a negative answer would not offend alim. "People believe when I have proved what I can do. When I visited the Duke and Duchess of Manchester two weeks ago I was asked to stop my heart in the presence of a dozen people, including a medical friend of the Duke. He laughed when my powers were mentioned but I conmy powers were mentioned, but I con-vinced him."

The Mahatma has satisfied many prominent medical men, in England and America as well as in his native India, where he is venerated as only prophets are after they are dead.

"These are only child's tricks." he says scornfully, 'and only fit for chil-dren and curiosity-seekers. I come to preach the truth, not to make children marvel. If I shut my eyes I can see marvel. It I shut my eyes I can see what is going on far away, but I do not want to. Any one can do that who makes his will conquer his mind. It I do these things it only makes people come to see me whom I do not want to see. Why should I? I only want to teach the truth to your wise men, not to gratify your curiosity-seekers "-London Mail.

DOG'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

Was Near Death, but His Mute Supplication Saved His Life.

West Diamond street resident who had made up his mind to kill his dog because the animal suffered with very annoying cough failed of his intent, and the reason for his failure is told in a pathetic story. The dog is a cute bull terrior, all white except a black left eye and black blotch on his

ieft side. Jim is the animal's name.
For a year and a half Jim has been part of the Diamond street family and has been taught numerous tricks, such as to sit up and to pray, the prayer ending when "Amen" is said. A month ago he took cold and coughed night and day. No medicine would relieve and day. No medicine would relieve him. Finally last Wednesday the dog's master took Jim out and carried all revolver. The dog was used to with his owner and frisked about his revolver.

as usual in his joy.

The walk extended to beyond the built-up section, the dog frequently jumping up at his master and wagging his tall in pleasure. At an isolated spot the man stopped, and, after pat-ting Jim, tied him to a tree. As the man smoothed the dog's coat for, as he thought, the last time, Jim seemed to understand that something unusual was about to happen. When the master moved away the dog barked and pulled at the strap that bound him. The bark scemed a pitcous cry, and his master turned his head away to pull out his revolver. While he was making ready to end it all the barking ceased, and when the master turned about with the revolver raised the sight almost made his heart stand still.

Jim was sitting on his haunches, and his head was buried in his front paws as in prayer. He did not move for a in prayer. He did not move for a if second that the owner looked on, unable to fire the shot. Finally the man went up to Jim and said "Amen."

Jim lifted his head and again barked, this time as if for joy and in realiza-tion that his life had been spared. "Nobody dare kill you." said Jim's master, as he untied the dog and both started home. The Diamond street man says the dog has not coughed since, and that Providence saved Jim. 'His prayer was answered.' declares the master—Philadelphia Record.

"WHAT I FEAR MOST."

The Confessions of a Number of Well-Known People.

J. P. Morgan denies the existence of fear within his mind: "I cannot think of anything which I fear," he declares, and he refuses to entertain the notion for a moment, even in casual conversation.

Other men of proved courage are willng to admit their pet terror. "Big Bill" Devery, former Police Commissioner of New York and candidate for the Mayoralty, proved his physical bravery over and over again when he was in the police force, and many tales are told of his prowess. But he admits that he fears

"It is the only thing I do fear," he deared, "for it is the only thing no human wer can control. I never was much ared but once. I was caught on a railad track with a high bank on either ie of it and trains coming both ways. ad I didn't want either of those train to me," concluded Mr. Devery reminis-

Another man who has proved his bravry in the public eye, Capt. Clark of the Oregon, confesses to a chronic fear of

oregon, confesses to a chronic fear of publicity.

Sir Philip Turns-Jones, the famous English at a fears the contrary. He is afruid of a puling out of notice. "Most of all I dread stience about my work," he states. "I would rather your papers should frozent me, to use one of your handy Americanisms, than esculude me from their columns as not worthy of mention. Criticism is gratuitous advertising. Stience is—you know not what. It is the case of the small boy and his inability to estimate the strength of the birch which his father holds behind his back."

John Philip Sousa, the well-known bandmaster, has an abnormal fear of street cars. As he lives much in Pittsburg and New York City, this is hardly to be wondered at. He has been known to hesitate for ten minutes before crossing the street. Some of the most successful men have a morbid fear of failure—of being forgotten. Dr. Theodore Timby, inventor of the revolving turret which gave the victory to the Monitor, fears being forgotten by his countrymen whom he served so materially.

Dr. George F. Shrady says that he "has

rielly.

Dr. George F. Shrady says that he "has in his innermost soul a fear of drowning." He ence had a narrow escape of losing his life in that manner and has never forgotten it.

Howard Chandler Christle, the magazine

Howard Chandler Christie, the magazine illustrator, says he has a "herrer of being ill and having to stop work."

Richard Le Gelliene, author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl" and other popular books, is afraid of old age. "It is too freadful to think of!" he declared, with a shadder.

hudder.
John La Farge, the famous artist and

John La Farge, the famous artist and writer on art, fears "being disturbed in the even tenor of a busy life and bade to take up another," before he has accomplished the lifework he has mapped out for himself.

J. E. Kelly, the sculptor, when the question was put to him, replied emphatically, "I fear Chinamen, I do."

President Castro, the ruler of Venezuela, has proved his reckless courage so often on the field of battle that his soldlers declare he fears nothing. But he told an English visitor to Venezuela recently that he was morbidly afraid of infectious disease. He left Caracas at that time and vent to live up in the mountains because there was an epidemic of yellow fever in the city.

The same fear is shated by Sir Henry The same fear is abated by Sir Henry

there was an epidemic of yellow fever in the city.

The same fear is shared by Sir Henry Blake, G. C. M. C., one of the most famous of British colonial administrators, who governed Newfoundland and Jamsica and now governs Hong Kong. He has distinguished himself over and over again by heroic deeds, but he freely admits that an epidemic frightens him nearly to death. He tells a story against himself on this head. "When I was in Jamsica," he said to an American friend, "yellow fever broke out in Kingston, the capital. Terribly alarmed, I called on a local physician, trembling like a leaf, and asked him.

"Doctor, tell me! How am I going to escape it? What's the best think to do?" "He looked at me for a moment with withering contempt. Then he said:

"What's the best thing to do? Goheme!"

"But," I persisted, "tell me at least."

"But," I persisted, "tell me at least hat precautions to take. What's the orst thing to do?" "He looked at me more contemptously than ever, and replied: Funk!"
Sir Henry left Jamaica soon afterwards and went to Hong Kong. The first thing he had to do there was to cope with an outbreak of bubonic plague!

Bird That Kills Snakes. That peculiar native of South Africa, the secretary bird, so-called because of the feathers on its head, which look as if it carried a pen behind its ear, is far more of a pedestrian than a flyer, ranging all day in search of food over a large expanse of country. It seldom takes to wing from choice, but is a great traveler on foot. That when hun-gry and hard put to it for food the secretary occasionally attacks, vanquishes and devours poisonous snakes of considerable size is by no means so frequent an occurrence as the old naturalist believed. The bird fully understands his risk in these encounters, and takes his measures accordingly. He attacks the make in a very wary manner, feinting with his wings and waiting his opportunity. When that comes he buffets the snake heavily with his wings, strikes it with his strong feet, and, having partially disabled it, breaks its vertebra with a blow or two of its for-midable beak or pierces its brain.-Chicago News.

BECOMING MOTHER

Is an ordeal which all women approach with indescribable fear, for nothing compares with the pain and horror of child-birth. The thought

of the suffering and danger in store for her, robs the expectant mother of all pleasant anticipations of the coming event, and casts over her a shadow of gloom which cannot be shaken off. Thousands of women have found that the use of Mother's Friend during pregnancy robs confinement of all pain and danger, and insures safety to life of mother and child. This scientific liniment is a god-send to all women at the time of their most critical trial. Not only does Mother's Friend carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, but its use gently prepares the system for the coming event, prevents "morning sickness," and other dis-

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